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## JACOBUS.

A BRETON LEGEND. BY S. ROPARTZ.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOREGOING.

KEMAL-EDDEN, the Arabian chronicler, thus relates the capture of Antioch :

"On the night of Thursday, the first of Regeb, the armorer, may God curse him, flung a cord to the soldiers of Bohemond. They scaled the walls, and those who first reached the top aided their companions, and as soon as they were gathered together they massacred the sentinels. The Franks plundered the city and reduced it to servitude."

Bohemond was proclaimed king of the conquered city.

It is unnecessary to state that the glory of this memorable assault was due to Tancred, and that Bohemond carefully avoided exposing his royal person ; and indeed there were some who thought of bestowing the principality of Antioch upon Tancred ; but this valiant and noble young man refused every offer of the kind through friendship for his relation.

I dare assert that Bohemond would not have acted so magnanimously, and that he would not have been withheld by conscientious scruples from dethroning a cousin. Such things have frequently occurred.

The palaces of Antioch overflowed with riches. It was with profound vexation that Bohemond found himself compelled to share their treasures with the chiefs of the crusaders. He concealed them as much as possible, aided by the traitor, Zerrab, and through his peculations he succeeded in amassing a very large sum.

He made all haste to get rid of the Frank army, in the fear that his frauds might be discovered ; he had, moreover, a very natural desire, which everybody comprehends, to be master in his own house. He did everything he could to induce Tancred to continue the crusade ; he invoked duty, honor, and religion, and swore that his sole regret was not to be able to participate in person in the conquest of the holy places ; he should be inconsolable did he not believe himself of greater service to the expedition by preserving an important place for the Christians, which, in the event of defeat, might be for them a reliable refuge.

Another thorn which rankled in the prince's breast consisted of the infamous secrets of which Zerrab was cognizant. The traitor's presence and the promise he had given to raise him to the rank of chief minister, an extravagant promise, the absurdity of which he now realized, poisoned the joys of his triumph and the pride of his power. The man who has committed a vile act has no tormentors so cruel as accomplices still more atrocious than himself !

Bohemond feverishly awaited an opportunity to sacrifice Zerrab, and the armorer, who was not unconscious of

the prince's sentiments in relation to him, held himself on the defensive, meditating a secret and terrible vengeance.

A day for the departure of the crusaders was fixed, and Tancred was to accompany them ; the surrounding country lay quiet and submissive. Bohemond saw the hour approaching when he would have naught to do but to free himself from his accomplice, and remain the most powerful, the richest, and the freest of kings, when a sentinel announced that an immense cloud of dust was visible on the horizon, and that a strange noise could be heard similar to that which accompanied the trembling of the earth previous to the eruption of a volcano. In a few moments a second sentry reported an entire Arab army, camels, horsemen and infantry, descending from the mountains, like a crowd of locusts upon a summer day.

The chief of the Franks hastily called a council. It was decided that the body of the Christian army should proceed to encounter the enemy and crush it before it could have time to recover from the fatigues of the route, and put itself in battle array ; and that Bohemond should remain, with a few men, within the walls, in order to prevent the mussulmen from revolting and attacking the crusaders in the rear.

Bohemond, delighted with the simple duty confided to him, mounted by himself to the top of the highest tower in the city, where his attention was wholly absorbed by the magnificent spectacle of the two armies about to contend upon the plain below. Suddenly he found himself seized by the shoulders, overthrown, gagged, and borne off ; he could comprehend nothing save that Zerrab directed his assistants, and uttered the orders which they obeyed. He was conducted along the same subterranean passage that gave him his traitorous entry into Antioch, to a postern gate where a few wild Arabs awaited him, to whom Zerrab had sold Bohemond as a slave. At a certain distance from the walls they rejoined a caravan ; his gag was removed, he was perched on a dromedary, and bound firmly fast.

The soul of Jacobus, considering the uncourteous manner in which they treated his royal body, was tempted to resign it on the spot, and leave the Bedouins in possession of a corpse. But as our hero could not exist without a body, and as he had none within convenient reach, and besides as he would have been personally very much incommoded by resuming his real form, he gave himself up for a short period to the humiliations and tortures of slavery.

## CHAPTER XIX.

OF A HORSE WHICH ESCAPED, AND OF THE REMARKABLE EVENTS WHICH ENSUED.

At an advanced hour of the night, the Arabs reached an abandoned mosk in which were packed a large num-

ber of slaves which had been purchased or carried off on different occasions. The prince of Antioch was forced to enter. Some bread baked on cinders and a measure of dirty water stood by the side of a heap of straw, on which they made signs to him to stretch himself.

At one extremity of the mosk, and in a less ruined place, there stood a superb Arabian steed, unbroken and wild, and the prisoner's entry caused him to stamp and to rear in a frightful manner. Bohemond was placed quite near to the savage animal. In a short time, our fatigued hero, in a half slumber, dreamed that the horse had broken his fastenings and was about to tread him down as he would straw upon a threshing-floor. Fear sometimes increases strength tenfold; Bohemond, with a superhuman effort, snapped as he would a thread the strong cords that held him, and uttering a terrific cry, he sprung up and bounded over the bodies of the prostrate slaves to the door. His companions, suddenly aroused, began in their turn to struggle, and to rage, and to raise such a clamor, that the horse, wild with fury and fright, did actually break away from his fastenings, and take to threshing, in the fullest sense, upon this living bed of bodies, the most frightful shrieks and groans accompanying every plunging hoof.

The Arabs flocked in, and, as the horse was tenfold more valuable than all the slaves put together, they concerned themselves only with the courser, and made every effort to secure him.

Whilst they were occupied with that which was not easily accomplished, Bohemond, squatted near the door, found the time favorable, and, without further delay, took to his heels.

He rushed into the first path that offered itself to him, and did not slacken his pace until forced to halt through lack of breath. It then occurred to him to proceed eastward, and, summoning to his aid his former knowledge of the stars and constellations, he quickly found the road travelled on the previous day, and which would conduct him under the walls of Antioch.

When he arrived, the chiefs of the crusaders were engaged in celebrating with song and festivity a brilliant victory which they had just gained over a formidable army. Bohemond's return was for them a fresh stimulant to joy, and Tancred especially allowed his delight to be manifest, which greatly displeased the soul of Jacobus.

Bohemond related the treachery of Zerrab, and asked to know what had become of the armorer. But no one could give him the slightest information; no one could tell whether he had fled or had perished in the *mêlée*.

On the following morning, the Prince of Antioch inspected his treasures, and he found that Zerrab had occupied himself with something else besides fighting, and that before his departure, he had largely drawn upon the coffers, the secret of which he with Bohemond alone possessed.

"It must be admitted," said our hero, "that my reign does not begin under the most auspicious circumstances! After the departure of the Franks, may heaven or hell, I care not which, recompense me for my mishaps!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOW THE REIGN OF BOHEMOND ENDED.

THE reign of Bohemond was signalized by an entire absence of great things: of those enterprises which honor a man, and which are indispensable to one whose power, not confirmed by time, must for its maintenance be at least sustained by the prestige of glory. The natural tendency of the human heart is to show obedience to kings only by contemplating God, therefore must kings who would be loved and respected, borrow from God a reflection of his might and eternity.

The body of Bohemond being of a noble race, aspired to nothing higher than to cover itself with glory, but the low and sordid soul that dwelt therein, thought only of maintaining peace in order to increase its treasures.

Shortly after this a general feeling of discontent showed itself, as well among the conquered mussulmen as among the Franks who remained at Antioch. Zerrab, with the money of which he had robbed Bohemond, and through trusty emissaries spread throughout the city, excited frequent revolts and attempted at various times to assassinate the prince; he was accordingly reduced to the necessity of wearing a corselet under his vestments, and to change his quarters every night.

As the Turks are great fatalists, they finally said to themselves that God and His Prophet evidently protected Bohemond, since he had escaped from so many well-laid conspiracies; they regarded him as a kind of consecrated being, and tranquillity began to reign in Antioch. There resulted from this an increased prosperity for commerce. This well-being and the ordinary routine of things worked harmoniously together to support the prince and his government, without their scarcely being aware of it. Bohemond was detested, but they no longer conspired against him.

Seeing this, Bohemond said to himself one morning: "Behold my crown henceforth assured. I must now occupy myself with the establishment of my dynasty, and it is important that I should take a wife. The daughter of the governor of Laodicea would aid me—not so much the daughter, however, as the city. At present I have no desire to seize upon this important stronghold. It would be a very clever thing to become master of it without striking a blow. I shall positively espouse the daughter of the governor of Laodicea."

A king cannot marry without being subject to greater formalities than an ordinary person. It is not sufficient for him to love, to be loved, and to arrange with parents—a further consideration arises as to whether the world might not be revolutionized by his alliance.

Bohemond resolved to summon his council, and sub-

mit to it this grave and important question. An old officer, chief of a band of Norman adventurers, gave his opinion as follows:

"I approve of this alliance, my lords; not that I find in it a great advantage for our prince, but for the reason that Commenus will undertake to oppose it, and thereby create a motive for war; we shall then have a war that will deliver us from the detested oath which weighs upon me like a lump of lead; we shall then be permitted to unsheath our swords which are already beginning to grow rusty. I have spoken."

Everybody applauded this harangue, and it was decided that the enterprise should be entered upon without delay.

That which had been foreseen took place, but not altogether as Bohemond desired it. He hoped to have conducted affairs secretly, and to have secured the princess within the walls of Antioch before Commenus could hear of his alliance. The marriage once consummated, there would doubtless be a grand commotion, but there was no fear that a war would be undertaken, the chances of which were doubtful, and which could lead to no profitable result. It was a very cleverly devised plan, and one of a kind which others besides Bohemond have found very much to their taste; but heaven, on this occasion, ordained that he should not be successful.

When Bohemond presented himself to carry off the princess, he found Laodicea environed by a triple cordon of Greek troops, and he only had time to get back to Antioch as fast as he came. After this insult, war became inevitable. Bohemond declared that his honor should be avenged, but he postponed the preparations for the campaign as long as possible.

Finally, every delay being provided for, it became imperative to commence the war, and he was about to proceed with it when a message interposed from Jerusalem. The message affirmed Godfrey to be king of the Holy City and sovereign of all the countries conquered from the infidels by the Christians, and it commanded Bohemond, his vassal, to appear in person, and not otherwise, at Jerusalem, and in no other place, to do homage in his presence for the principality of Antioch.

This order came like a clap of thunder to Bohemond. He saw himself arrested as at Rome; there was no way to escape; he must decide between the loss of his crown and the probable loss of his life. The choice was made without hesitation.

What our hero decided to do is equivalent to what we term abdication.

Now, as there was no hurry, he thought he would consume the remainder of his riches in an immense and formidable orgie. He collected in his palace every person in Antioch who passed for a debauchee, and he entertained the company with a supper worthy of Balthazar or Sardanapalus. When their brains were heated, Bohemond proclaimed, with the stammering voice of a

toper, that this was truly the first day that he had enjoyed the satisfaction of being a king. Suddenly a loud and terrific noise drowned all the convivial songs, the clang of glasses, and the mutterings of intoxication. It was an insurrection, which like a torrent invaded the palace, filling it with a flood of savages.

"Prince," exclaimed the chief of the guard, rushing into the festive hall, "fly for your life—the soldiers refuse to fight for so vile and cowardly a being as yourself, and will not oppose themselves to the vengeance of the people!"

"A king never flies!" cried Bohemond; "and I will show you how a king can die!" He was about to assume a dramatic posture, when he perceived that all his companions had fled and that he was absolutely alone.

The insurgents, penetrating to the hall, and stumbling amid the fragments of glass and over pools of wine, struck their feet against a foul and flabby mass—the corpse of Bohemond.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION BETWEEN JACOBUS AND SATAN.

JACOBUS, having assumed his natural form, dined frugally in some caravansary of which I know not the name. Weary of solitude, he resorted to the book of magic and summoned Satan to his presence. People forced by *ennui* to think of the devil are more numerous than is generally supposed.

"If it were in thy power," said Jacobus, "to convert this brackish water, which provokes my palate disagreeably, into the wine of Cyprus, and to float a cloud between this broiling sun and thy servant's brow, we might converse together more at our ease."

"It is done," said Satan, "and now what hast thou to say?"

"Wait until I have tasted thy wine. Satanus, the first time I had the honor of communicating with thy majesty, I demanded of thee happiness on this earth in exchange for my soul; now, it must be admitted"—

"Have I failed to fulfill one of my promises?"

"I have not said so. Let each speak in his turn; thou compellest me to begin again. I demanded of thee happiness on this earth as the price of my soul, and I must confess that, so far, I have seen but little of it; I admit that thou hast not forfeited thy word. I have been free to choose my own course; I have desired wealth and have possessed it; I desired power and have been a king; but

"Not gold or dignities fill the heart of man with gladness."

"Thou coinest a verse which will some time or other be stolen from thee."

"At present I cannot decide what to ask for next, and it is to counsel with thee that I have summoned thee hither."

"I have three ways of winning souls—through wealth, through power, and through pleasure; thou art disgusted with wealth and with power—voluptuousness alone remains for thee."

"What is that?"

"Life."

"A poetic definition which signifies nothing; what is voluptuousness?"

"Thy questions puzzle the very devil! Dost thou not know the old adage, 'Let each seize pleasure where he finds it?'"

"How if I find no pleasure! I begin to think that happiness consists only in virtue."

"And he, too!" exclaimed Satan, with such a mournful expression, that Jacobus burst into a fit of laughter.

"My dear Satanus, reassure thyself. Virtue is not acquired without sacrifice, and I have already told thee that I do not intend to make sacrifices, although I do not by any means deny that I have not submitted to them while marching under the protection of thy cursed standard."

"Sublime Jacobus, I find thee true! Thou art right—neither science, wealth nor power are calculated to satisfy mankind! Listen and confess that the mortal whom I am going to depict to thee is, indeed, one of the happy! I know an island of enchantment, where reigns perpetual spring"

"Poetical style from a devil's lips—very bad!"

"Out of the midst of lovely gardens rises a small palace composed of alabaster"

"Jasper and porphyry—what next?"

"A thousand cascades and murmuring fountains, where cooling waters freshen the atmosphere"

"Of what service, in perpetual spring?—it sounds chilly!"

"Rarest flowers from every zone gladden the eye"

"I prefer to gaze on the violets and daisies of Brittany."

"Eastern perfumes burn night and day in censers of silver and gold"

"Perfumes give me a headache."

"Exquisite dishes and choicest wines"

"Which lead to a lasting dyspepsia and unconquerable disgust; for my stomach I prefer brown bread and cider."

"And lastly, the mortal who possesses this fairy paradise counts in his harem"

"But this is the veritable life of a hog! I would rather enjoy pastoral poetry under the beeches of a country village. Friend Satanus, thou art decidedly ancient, even in thy dotage. It seems that I must learn through experience, and that thou hast not one solitary saving idea! Now, since thy functions are so circumscribed, and there remains to me but one branch of desire, I will tell thee what I want. I want every satisfaction, every happiness that belongs to virtue, without

any disagreeable appendages. I want family life without marriage. Have I the honor of being understood by thee?"

"Perfectly; and the day will come when philosophers will erect thy dream into a system of morality, and frame constitutional social laws upon it. There is, however, one regrettable circumstance: what thou cravest it is utterly impossible to realize."

"Impossible, it is true, for the ordinary class of Adam's posterity; but I—can I not assume the position of a virtuous man, and enjoy this life?"

"Be wary, Jacobus! If thou touchest the family, the sacred support, the divine sister of religion itself, I will not answer for thee; the Christian family is a sanctuary into which I dare not penetrate."

"That only concerns myself. To end this matter, show me at the bottom of this cup, reflected in the mirror of this Cyprus wine, the image of the most perfect woman that thou knowest; that is to say, she whom thou hast tempted without defiling, even with a breath, the radiant purity of her virtue."

"Once more, Jacobus"

"No comment, I pray thee—I am firm."

"Be satisfied, then! Hell will not long await its prey!"

There appeared in the magic crystal the sweet blond face of a young girl,—the divine counterpart of the madonnas of Perugino and of the archangels of Fra Angelico. Virtue could alone create out of fallen nature a form so gentle and celestial.

"Who is this woman?" asked Jacobus, after having a long time contemplated the ravishing figure.

"She is called Marguerite, and she hides her beauty in a humble manor of thy Brittany; she is the young wife of a poet-cavalier, who followed the crusaders to sing their exploits. A fever seized him on his return to Europe, his brain teeming with dreams of glory and his heart possessed with dreams of love; he has but just breathed his last in this very caravansary. He bore the name of Jehan, and never did a nobler or more graceful form enshrine a finer or more generous spirit."

"Very well, master," said Jacobus; "*au revoir!*"

## CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN WE LEARN THAT ALL THINGS HAVE AN END,  
EVEN THIS HISTORY.

THERE was a small mansion concealed between two banks, like the nest of a lark in the furrow of a field of grain. It had in front a vast court with two diminutive towers on either side of the low wooden portal, a pool of water where rushes grew, and a well. The house was built of granite, with a turret in the centre, and it had narrow windows fastened with iron; behind, lay a garden inclosed with green hedges, a small grove of beeches and oaks, and a field traversed by a brook, and in the dis-

tance a ruddy heath gilded with the flowering furze. The only path which led to this little domain was lined with a double row of dwarf chestnut-trees, disappearing at a turn in the valley.

All was still and tranquil in this dwelling.

Marguerite lived there alone with her nurse and an old serving man who cultivated the garden, now and then exercising the four hunting dogs and the two falcons that belonged to Jehan.

Every morning, after having performed her devotions in an oratory filled with holy relics, Marguerite ascended to a little chamber in the turret and passed the day there, sad but resigned, occupied with the needle and the loom, upon works destined to adorn the altar or to clothe the poor during the winter. Her eye was never withdrawn from her work except to inspect the horizon to see if at the turn of the pathway there might not be a messenger approaching, the bearer of letters from her absent beloved.

In the evening she sang the verses which her husband had composed, and which kept her hopes alive.

One Sunday, after having attended vespers in the chapel of the neighboring monastery, she ascended, as she was wont to do, to the summit of the turret. The day had been glowing with sunshine, and the breezes bore with them the mingled fragrance of the hawthorn and the flowering broom. Drawing her eye near to the narrow window, Marguerite observed a young man turning the bank, and walking with rapid strides along the pathway in the valley.

Her heart began to beat violently; she was fearful of giving way to her happiness. The pilgrim uncovered his fair head, and waved his velvet cap with its flowing white plume; the dogs in the court bounded with joy and leaped with delight, there being no doubt that the traveller was any other than the dearly-beloved Jehan, who had returned from over the seas.

Who may describe the ecstasy of a first meeting after years of absence! Who can interpret those moments of silence when everything speaks but the voice, because two hearts respond, as mutual speakers and mutual listeners!

A warm and fragrant bath refreshed the pilgrim's dusty limbs, and on the white cloths that dried them Jehan recognized choice emblems embroidered by a cherished hand. He clothed himself in new garments, long reserved for him, and which proved that the nurse and the wife had not ceased to think of him during his exile. He found the table laid with dishes that he was fond of. He seated himself by the side of Marguerite, who tenderly gazed on him, as he sat beneath the portraits of his parents. The nurse and the old servant, whenever they entered to wait on him, joined their hands together and raised their tear-moistened eyes to heaven whilst their lips smiled and moved in inarticulate prayer in gratitude to God.

After the repast was over, Marguerite rested fondly and chastely on her husband's shoulder; he took her hand in his, and both arose to wander slowly through every part of the inclosure, and breathe the fresh balmy air of a spring evening. The greyhounds played around them and sprung each in its turn to receive a caress. Every flower, every bird, every bush served to excite a smile of happiness; they were the souvenirs and memorials of the life of the past.

"What is that building yonder in the grove?" asked Jehan.

"It is a chapel which I caused to be built in order to draw down the blessing of heaven upon my best-beloved. God, in his goodness, has granted every prayer that I have daily made in this oratory, now that he has rendered thee to me again. Let us go and return thanks, Jehan."

"Not this evening, oh Marguerite; night is approaching, and my limbs are weary with travel."

"Prayer will restore thee; and we both owe so much to God! I beg thee to grant me this favor; let us both go and return thanks to the Lord of goodness for reuniting us."

Our hero was under the spell of a charm. Never had emotion like this agitated his breast; he could no longer resist such tender entreaties.

Marguerite prayed fervently, her piety rendering her still more beautiful. Jehan kneeled by her side, but not in prayer. Skepticism had gnawed the cursed soul to which his body was fatally joined, and had eaten away the last germ of virtue. Whilst Marguerite prayed, an impure smile thrilled over the lips of him she believed to be her spouse.

When they had arisen, the young wife spoke in a low voice: "Oh, my Jehan, dost thou recognize this altar? I have had it erected after the descriptions of the Holy Sepulchre that thou didst send to me, and in commemoration of thy pious pilgrimage I have ordered that the blessed spot be called Jerusalem!"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Jehan, in a terrific voice. "Accursed woman! Let hell swallow its prey!"

At the same instant, a clap of thunder, one single peal, resounded through the pure serene sky—then sweet and celestial music filled the fragrant valley.

When the old serving-man and the nurse, frightened and anxious at this phenomenon, entered the chapel, they found Marguerite and Jehan resting on the very spot which Marguerite, in building the oratory, had selected for a sepulchre; their arms were intertwined, and the coldness of death had spread over them without impairing their features; a crown of roses entwined the blond tresses of the young girl and the young man pressed to his heart a palm-branch of Judea.

Upon the threshold they recognized with horror the corpse of a stranger; his shaven brow was blasted with lightning, insects were crawling in the holes of his eyes,

and blood flowed from his lips; his skin was dry, livid, and wrinkled like a piece of old parchment; when they came to touch him, there was nothing left but a heap of fetid cinders.

It was revealed to a monk who prayed and meditated on that night, that this corpse was that of an atheistic philosopher and an egotist, who bore the name of Jacobus; and the revealing voice added:

"He sought to place a sacrilegious hand upon the sacred edifice of the family, and God has destroyed him.

"The Christian family is the field in which God has sown his elect; the powers of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Glory to God in the highest, peace and good will on earth to his faithful children!"

### Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

ENGLAND.—The exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open, and, judging by the various notices of it in private letters and by the corps of critics, it may be called a very tolerable affair. The only work by an American artist that we have seen any allusion to by the English press is a study, called "Blackberry Bush," by Richards, of Philadelphia. Cropsey, Peele, and Page have works in the gallery, but they are so badly hung as not to take the eye.—A good deal of fine writing by various critics has been bestowed upon Holman Hunt's last work, "The Finding of Christ in the Temple." One writer says, "Let the world ever so loudly announce its desire, love, and recognition of Genius, yet every original work, by the very fact of its originality, is sure to be first seen with a surprised displeasure;" it "shocks our taste," "our finest prejudices," "our bosom associations," and so on. From what we have read in the puffs of the same order, we fancy "The Finding of Christ" to be full of displeasing surprises in the way of labored details; of some significance, it may be, in relation to patience and perseverance, but none in relation to genuine Art. We extract from the Tribune a confirmation of the foregoing.

"The opinions expressed by American letter-writers in relation to the prominent paintings in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy are strangely at variance with the criticisms which have appeared in the London journals. Our countrymen do not appear to be favorably impressed by the "Black Brunswicker" of Millais, and the "Flood of the Highlands," by Sir Edwin Landseer, which are so highly and universally extolled by British critics. And even Mr. Young, of *The Albion*, is rather severe upon Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple," which is extolled in the English papers as a miracle of art. It has been stated that this last picture was purchased by the great London picture dealer for \$25,000, and it has since been stated that three Manchester men had subscribed \$40,000 toward purchasing it for the new Free Art Gallery in Manchester."

The last financial item is so much dealer's clap-trap. It is time that money standards of merit be discountenanced.

The catalogue of the Royal Academy for this year, being its ninety-second exhibition, is of sixty pages quarto, and is sold for one shilling sterling. The notice to exhibitors states, among

other matters, that when pictures are sent, they must "be accompanied with a note (*written only on the first and third pages*), descriptive of them, as meant to be inserted in the catalogue. "No artist can exhibit more than eight different works. Honorary exhibitors are limited to one. Each exhibitor has a ticket of admission to the exhibition and the winter lectures. All pictures and drawings must be in gilt frames. Oil paintings under glass, and drawings with wide margins are inadmissible. Oval frames are to be avoided, as they are difficult of management. Miniatures with outer cases, must be fitted close to the gilt frames. Gold mountings, arched tops, and colored borderings of every description are inadmissible. There are but five honorary members, who fill the offices of chaplain, antiquary, secretary for foreign correspondence, professor of ancient history, and professor of ancient literature; thirty-eight academicians, two academician engravers, five professors respectively of painting, sculpture, architecture, perspective, and anatomy; nineteen associates, and five associate engravers. Nine hundred and forty works in oil, water-color, engravings, and medals, besides one hundred and fifty-one works of sculpture; in all ten hundred and ninety-six, are contributed by six hundred and thirty-six artists, entirely professional, with the exception of one gentleman, who sends a single work, he being of the profession of the church. The exhibitors from the United States are, Page, "Portrait of a Lady;" Cropsey, three studies of "Isle of Wight Scenery;" and I. T. Peele, "Happy Moments" and "Primrose Bank." Nearly all of the exhibitors live in or near London.

The "Old Water-Color Society" puts forth its fifty-sixth catalogue. The association consists of thirty-two members (of whom four are ladies), and eighteen associate exhibitors. The works exhibited, entirely painted in water-colors, number two hundred and eighty-one. Among them are "Pilchards—Study of Gold," "Mushrooms—Rose Grey;" two of a series painted for J. Ruskin, Esq., to be presented to schools of Art; "The Cave beneath the Holy Rock, Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem;" "The Jews Wailing at the Temple Wall;" both of which were painted on the spot BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY. The capitals are from the catalogue.

Differing from the other catalogues, which are all without covers, is that of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colors, which comes with grey cover, being "adorned with cuts." One full-page title is of arabesque ornament, embracing four figure-subjects illustrating Design; and at the beginning and end of the list of works is a vignette. These illustrations are, we believe, from the pencil of Webnert, some of whose works have been shown here. The catalogue gives the price, mostly in guineas, of every work for sale, *inclusive of frame and glass*. The old society especially states that the prices given for works in their room is in all cases *without* frame and glass. Both require a deposit in advance on all works sold. In the new society season tickets are sold for five shillings. Reservation of copyright of all works is made, unless special arrangement cede it to the purchaser of a work. There are forty members, ten of them ladies, and eighteen associates. Of these, Fifty-two are represented by 372 works, forty-two of which are not for sale. The aggregate value of the 340, as given, is £8373 4s. 6d., or 41,000 dollars. The highest-priced work is Queen Mab, by Tidey, £250. Eleven are priced at from £131 5s. to £100; six at £3 3s. The works in these exhibitions vary in size from four by six feet to three by four inches. This year the names of the best painters in water colors appear in full muster, as